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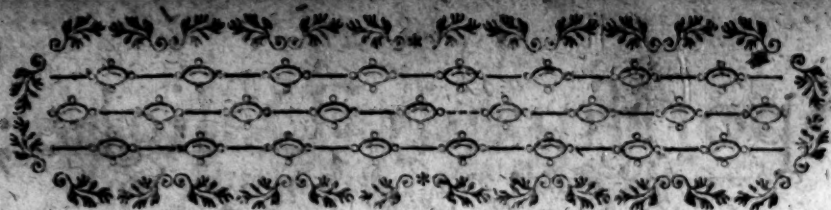
THE
Sportsman's Delight;
A CHOICE
COLLECTION
OF
Hunting SONGS:

V I Z.

1. The morning is charming, all nature is gay.
2. The echoing horn calls the sportsman abroad.
3. The huntsman's began to sound the shrill horn.
4. Hark, hark! the joy's inspiring horn,
5. Do you hear, brother sportsman, the sound of
the horn.
6. When Phebus the tops of the hills do adorn.
7. There was three jovial Welchmen.
8. Away to the copse, to the copse lead away.

T E W K E S B U R Y:

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other Medicines of established reputation, that
are advertised in the Weekly Papers.



T H E
SPORTSMAN'S DELIGHT, &c.



S O G I.



THE morning is charming all nature is gay,
Away my brave boys, to your horses away,
For the prime of our pleasure is in quest of the hare,
We have not so much as a moment to spare.

Hark! the lively ton'd horn how melodious it
sounds,

To the musical song of the merry mouth'd
hounds.

In yon stubble field we shall find her below;
Soho! cries the huntsman: hark to him! soho!
See where she goes, and the hounds have a view,
Such harmony Handel himself never knew.

Gates, hedges, and ditches, to us are no bounds,
And the world is our own while we follow the
hounds.

Hold, hold, 'tis a double! hark! hey, bowler hey!
If a thousand gainsay it, a thousand shall lye;
His beauty surpassing, his truth has been try'd,
At the head of the pack an infallible guide.

At his cry the wild weikin with thunder resounds
The darling of hunters, the glory of hounds.

O'er highlands, and lowlands, and woodlands
we fly,

Our horses full speed, and our hounds in full cry,
So match in their mouths, and so even they run,
Like the course of the spheres, or the race of the sun.

Health, joy and felicity, dance in their rounds,
And bless the gay circle of hunters and hounds.

The old hounds push forward, a very sure sign
The hare, tho' a stout one begins to decline :
A chace of two hours or more she has led :
She's down! look about ye! they have her she's dead.

How glorious a death! to be honour'd with
sonds

Of horns and a shout, to the chorus of hounds.

Here's a health to all hunters, and long be their
lives,

May they never be cross'd by their sweethearts or
wives,

May they rule their own passions, and ever be at rest,
As the happiest of men, be they also the best :

And free from the care which many surrounds,
Be happy at last when they see no more hounds.

S O N G II.

THE echoing horn calls the sportsmen abroad,
To horse, my brave boys, and away ;
The morning is up, and the cry of the hounds,
Upbraids our too tedious delay.

What pleasure we find in pursuing the fox,
O'er hill and o'er valley he flies ;

Then follow, we'll soon overtake him : huzza!
The traitor is seized on, and dies.

Triumphant returning at night with our spoil,
Like bacchanals sportive and gay,

How sweet with a bottle and lass to refresh,
And lose the fatigues of the day.

With sport, love, and wine, fickle fortune defy :

Call wisdom all happiness fours :

Since life is no more than a passage at best,

Let us strew the way over with flowers.

S O N G III.

THE huntsman's began to sound the shrill horn,
Come quickly unkennel your hounds,

'Tis a beautiful, glittering, golden-ey'd morn,
We'll chace the fox over the grounds.

See yonder sits Reynard, so crafty and sly,

Come saddle your courfers apace,

The hounds have a scent, and are all in full cry,

They long to be giving him chace.

The huntsmen are mounted, the steed feels the spur,
And nimbly they scour it along ;

Rapid after the fox runs each musical cur,

Follow, follow, my boys, is the song.

O'er mountains and vallies we skim it away,

Now Reynard's almost out of sight ;

But sooner than loose him we'll spend the whole
day,

In hunting for that's our delight.

By eager pursuing we'll have him at last,

He's so tired, poor rogue, down he lies ;

Now starts up afresh ; young Snap has him fast,

He trembles, kicks, struggles and dies.

S O N G IV.

HARK, hark! the joy inspiring horn,
 Salutes the early rising morn,
 And echoes through the dale;
 With clamouring peals the hills resound,
 The hounds, quick scented, scour the ground,
 And snuff the fragrant gale.

No gates nor hedges can impede,
 The brisk high-mettled starting steed,
 The jovial pack pursue.
 Like light'ning darting o'er the plains,
 The distant hills with speed he gains,
 And sees the game in view.

Her path the timid hare forsakes,
 And to the copse for shelter make
 There pants awhile for breath:
 But now the noise alarms her ear,
 Her haunts descry'd, her fate is near,
 She sees approaching death.

Directed by the well known breeze,
 The dogs the trembling victim seize,
 She faints, she falls, she dies:
 The distant coursers now come in,
 And join the loud triumphant din,
 'Till echo rends the skies.

S O N G V.

DO you hear, brother sportsmen, the sound of
 the horn,
 And yet the sweet pleasures decline?
 For shame, rouse your senses, and e'er it is morn,
 With me the sweet melody join.

O'er hills and o'er vallies,
 See the traitor he rallies,
 While fleetly our brisk courfers fly;
 See the hounds in full cry,
 Over hedges all fly,
 Chasing the swift hare 'till she dies.
 Then saddle your steeds, to the meadows and fields,
 All willing, all joyous, repair;
 No pleasure on earth greater happiness yields,
 Than chasing the fox or the hare:
 For such comfort, my friends,
 On the sportsman attends,
 No pleasure like hunting is found;
 And when the day's o'er,
 All brisk as before,
 Next morning we spurn up the ground.

S O N G VI.

WHEN Phœbus the tops of the hills do adorn,
 How sweet is the sound of the echoing horn
 When the antling stag is rous'd by the sound,
 Erecting his ears nimbly sweeps o'er the ground,
 And thinks he has left us behind on the plain;
 But still we pursue, and now come in view of the
 glorious game.

Oh! see how again he rears up his head,
 And winged with fear he redoubles his speed:
 But ah! 'tis in vain! 'tis in vain that he flies,
 That his eyes lose the hunters, his ears lose their cries
 But now his strength fails he heavily flies,
 And he pants, 'till with well-scented hounds sur-
 rounded he dies, Tantaran, Tantaran, he dies

S O N G VII.

THERE was three jovial Welshmen,

They would go hunt the fox;

They swore they saw old Reynard,

Run over yonder rocks,

Chorus. With a hoop, hoop, come along brave boys,

This is brave news, the huntsman cries,

With my twivy, twivy twing,

Over the downs we'll ride, brave boys,

Over the downs we'll ride.

The first we espy'd was a woman

Coming of her locks;

She swore she saw old Reynard

Among her geese and ducks.

With, &c.

The next we espy'd was a miller,

He was all in his mill;

He swore he saw old Reynard,

Run over yonder hill.

With, &c.

The next we espy'd was a shepherd,

A watching of his lambs;

He swore he saw old Reynard,

Who could hardly go or stand.

With, &c.

Old Reynard being wet and weary,

He scarce could go or stand,

Come boldly to the huntsmen

To be at their command.

With a hoop, hoop, come follow, brave boys,

This is good news the huntsman cries,

With my twivy, twivy twing,

So poor Reynard dies brave boys.

S O N G VIII.

AWAY to the copse to the copse lead away,
 And now my boys throw off your hounds;
 I warrant old Reynard he'll shew us some play,
 See yonder he skulks through the grounds.
 Then spur your brisk courfers and smoke 'em my
 bloods,
 'Tis a delicate scent lying morn;
 What concert is equal to those of the woods,
 Betwixt echo, the hounds, and the horn.
 Each earth see he tries at he tries at in vain,
 The cover no safer can find,
 So he breaks it, he breaks it and scours amain,
 And leaves us at distance behind.
 O'er rocks, and o'er rivers, and hedges we fly,
 All hazard and danger we scorn;
 Stout Reynard we'll follow until that he die,
 Cheer up the good dogs with the horn.
 And now he scarce creeps thro' the dale,
 All parch'd from his mouth hangs his tongue,
 His speed can no longer, no longer prevail,
 Nor his life can his cunning prolong;
 From our staunch and fleet pack 'twas in vain that
 he fled,
 See his brush falls bemired forlorn,
 The farmers with pleasure behold him lie dead,
 And shout to the sound of the horn.

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F I N I S.